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## Three Poems

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Three Poems by Roy Scheele

At the Kitchen Window

Before the snow added its wavy lines  
of big wet heavy sideways-falling flakes  
to the occluded light, I saw a creeper  
climb wagging up the burr oak's pleated bark.  
Had I not seen him when he landed there  
I doubt I would have made him out at all,  
so suited were his markings to the tree.  
And then he left the tree, flew toward the house,  
and landing on the brick beyond the grass  
resumed his waddling ascent, looking in  
(or seeming to look in). I held my breath  
and stood stock-still, watching him climb and peer;  
I saw his tiny eyes and upturned bill.  
Then he was off again, back to the tree,  
taking up his quick and restive progress,  
his dark back feathers blending with the bark  
until at last I lost him, and the snow  
began, and the cold north wind to blow.

### Prodigal

The cardinal's clear, repeated call,  
like water gushing from a spring,  
drenches the leaves of the cherry tree  
with its fresheting.

Something in those unstopped notes,  
a thread of silver like a rill,  
runs off glittering on its own  
in a rambling trill

before it trails off in the air,  
the echo thinning into mist,  
leaving a scar like mercury  
at the singing's crest.

### The Patience of the Hawk

He perches on a fencepost in the fog  
beside the road, his range restricted now,  
his talons' raking balance on the wood  
much like the falcon's on the falconer's glove  
after the securing of the hood.

Roy Scheele is Poet in Residence and Professor of English at Doane College and has published numerous poems in a variety of journals, including *The American Scholar*, *Bulb*, *Interim*, *Northeast*, *Pivot*, and *Whole Notes*. His most recent publication is a beautifully illustrated chapbook, "Keeping the Horses," published by Windflower Press. For further information on Roy Scheele, see the following internet address: <http://mockingbird.creighton.edu/NCW/scheele.htm>